

The Family Tree

There grows in my grandmother's garden a wonderful family tree,
Outstretched are its arms to the nation,
It beckons to you and to me.

Oh, come to the beautiful garden.

Its branches are waiting to welcome the tiniest blossoms, yousee;
We hope not a bud will be missing; when gathered from over the sea.

How happy will be then the gardener who planted the family tree.

The message from all its bright blossoms, like perfume distilled in the
heart,

And binds with good will and glad tidings to make earth a heaven apart.

Oh, we are the flowers of promise

One plucked from the family tree;

An unbroken chain of rare beauty, safe linked to Eternity.

**** obtained from Nett Loveless

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I think that I shall never see
The finish of a family tree.
As it forever seems to grow
From roots that started very low;
Way back in ancient history times
In foreign lands and distant times,
From them grew trunk and branching limb,
That dated back to time so dim,
One seldom knows exactly when
The parents met and married then.
Nor when the twigs began to grow
With odd named children, row on row.
Though a verse like this is made by me;
And the end's in sight as you can see;
'Tis not the same with Family Trees
That grow and grow through centuries.
- The Maine Seine